

EXTRACTS.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.
The winds upon the wave are sleeping,
And softly murmur through the sea;
The stars in heaven's blue canopy,
With the bright moon, their watch are keeping.
And by that light so calmly dipping
Beneath the bridge, between the piers,
I see the glittering spars, and spars
Of sails, close-set, upon the shipping.
I mark the human, late and lonely,
In silence resting his steers;
Glide slowly past the distant hills
That look like giant shadows only.

And from the darkness of the city,
As from a wavy heart, doth come
The wail of a regretful heart.

That wakes an answering sigh of pity,
For cold with care, a child of sorrow
Kneels down to meet the mortal wave;
And it is a peaceful grave;

It was a lovely tide-tarow!

Poor heart! to whom all the heaven

Is glistening in the joy of light;

Poor heart! to sorrow-most at night.

Wlio care and sorrow are forgotten.

And now a hand in anguish dashes

Away a cloud of tears that sing;

The pale white light of heaven, and fringe

The gloomy border of her waves.

Amid a hand is raised above her,

And in end melody, a prayer

Goes upward—up the altar stair.

For madam frail and faithless lover,

The lights beside the water shiver;

The sail, close-set, shake on the mast;

A slowly, slowly goeth past;

A sweet white face down by the river.

Tangled mass the hair is streaming,

The aily curled in pride of love;

The sightless eyes are fixed above,

Wide open, blind to moonlight basking;

And cast aside, and unloving.

Yo say that soul will be at last,

That love is but, that heaven will blot,

All that know yo of love or heaven.

—Chandler's Journal.

THE FATHERS OF GREAT MEN.
The case of Cobden's father is, at least, the second lately brought conspicuously before the public in which the father of a great man has suffered from the publication of the biography of his son. The most painful instance was that of Dickens's father, concerning whom we learned, to our regret, that he was actually the original of the novelist's Micawber—a fact not to be viewed with complacency by any well-regulated mind. Like the elder Dickens, the father of Cobden seems also to have been a weak and shiftless man. We cannot include Robert Chambers among great men, but his father likewise was one of the Micawber species, and he has been presented in a very pleasant light in his son's biography.—*Literary Notes in Daily Mail*.

TUNNELS.
It appears from statistics recently collected, that the modern tunnels are not really so long as some mining "drifts" which were made before the invention of the approved boring machines. Of the Alpine railway tunnels, that which has been completed under the St. Gotthard Pass is the longest—measuring from end to end 14,000 metres, or about 16,100 yards, which is about 2,500 yards longer than the Mont Cenis Tunnel. Another very famous work of a similar kind is that which exists in the mines of Suiza, in Nevada—but the total length of the passage is only about 6,650 yards, which is nothing like half as long as our Bar Tunnel on the Great Western. But a much bigger work of the mining kind is a tunnel at Chemian, called after the name of the Emperor Joseph II. This boring has a length of over 11 miles, and it took no less than 10 years to cut it, though in many of these years the progress made was very small, and in fact no addition was made to it at all. In 1874, when there was still about a mile and a half to be bored, the owners decided to employ newly invented machines of the kind used in clearing the Mont Cenis Railway, and with their aid the work was done in a comparatively short space of time. The tunnel is about nine feet high, and less than four feet wide. When the Channel passage between England and France, with its length of over 20 miles, is finished, it will be of that sort will sink into insignificance.

A BUFFALO HUNT.

A correspondent of the *Times* accompanying the Governor-General of Canada on his tour through the North-West provinces writes as follows from Red Deer River on September 7th.—"To-day the great buffalo controversy has been settled, and the aspicks ignorinously silenced. Buffaloes have been seen, three have been killed, with one deviating a waggon's breadth from our route. It was about ten o'clock that we suddenly sighted a small herd of ten, from one and a half to two miles off. As we entered the Red Deer River we found an undulating ground, roughly broken up into hills and ravines. The buffaloes were in a ravine, quietly grazing with their backs to us. We, too, were in a slight hollow, so that by lying down we could safely watch all their movements. So early as we had ever seen a herd of buffaloes before. We were all most anxious to give Lord Lorne every possible chance of a kill. He is naturally so kind-hearted and unselfish, thinking of everybody else's comfort and pleasure before his own, that it was like a personal disappointment to us when, after a hurried consultation, he ruled that it was too impudent to risk being up in a hunt the spare horses so much needed, and moreover, that fresh meat being badly wanted, the important question was that buffalo should be killed, not who should kill it. Johnnie Saskatchewan was accordingly singled out as the best hunter in the party, and soon disappeared down in the ravine. Poundmaster and Colonel Horseshoe following him later. The buffaloes had by this time mounted the slope and got out of our sight just beyond it. We waited eagerly, and not hearing or seeing anything for some time, began to fear they had taken alarm and galloped off. They had galloped, clumsy and heavy in the shoulder as they look, well past a good horse. But at last came the welcome ring of rifle-shot, followed in rapid succession by others, and then, with a good dramatic effect, as if the hunt had been arranged like a big fight, expressly for the Governor-General's benefit, three buffaloes separated from the herd, rushing wildly back towards us up the high ground, on which four could be distinctly seen by the camp as they galloped along at a tearing pace, with the fury, Saskatchewan in close pursuit. One of them had the grace to drop in full view of us, to make the effect complete; but the other two, turning round, were killed further away. A general rush made in the direction of the chase, but a good deal of very hilly, rough ground had to be covered and before those who were not lucky enough to get a shot could come up all the hunting and killing were over, and even the skinning had begun. Time was trivat as a commodity only less precious than buffalo meat. One poor brute supplied a few of the party, including, luckily, Mr. Sydenham Hall, with a fatal dickered-out experiment and a good tableau vivant. He had been badly wounded and dropped, but

Johnnie had no bullet left to kill him. So he had raised himself with difficulty from the ground, and was seemingly struggling to make up enough strength for a last dying effort and desperate charge when Captain Pounder gave him the *coup de grace*, and Mr. Hall just at the moment coming up, the inevitable result was a very spirited sketch, immortalizing all concerned, though the buffalo, unerring for the dead, also wounded by Johnnie, was killed by Colonel Horseshoe. Johnnie certainly did his work unconsciously, well wounding four, only one of which got away, and he probably would have got more if his ammunition had not failed. But still fortune, which favours the brave, had nearly as much to do with his success. Without the ravine he could scarcely have got within reach of the buffaloes; but the whole situation was so neatly arranged for him that he had, only to gallop along under cover of the ravine until he was near enough to make a grand charge, rush upon them. Notstalgic or pharisee craft was thus necessary, and could we have foreseen this many more would have joined in the hunt. When the final rush is made, the huntsman, if properly mounted, as Johnnie was, has nothing to do but gallop up to the herd, and getting alongside of whichever brute he may single out, aim at its spinal column, or just behind the shoulder, for the heart. One bullet had been beautifully put exactly into the last-named spot, and must have made death instantaneous. But the buck is usually the point aimed at—possibly as an easier target—since all the hunter cares to do with his first shot is to cripple the animal so that he can get it again when he has done with the herd. As in this instance the buffalo rarely turns to bay, but either drops helplessly or escapes, the hunt is, after all, rather poor work, and fixed for trader or potsher, than real sportsman. But still it is not wholly without the "dignity of danger." A buffalo so wounded by a bungling shot as to be unable but helpless will sometimes turn the pursuer into the pursued, and give him a very hot and perilous time of it. Let his horse fall, or otherwise pair company with him, and the innumerable badger-holes makes this by no means impossible—danger—and then he will be very lucky indeed if he lives to hunt or eat buffalo again. A story is told of a half-bred guide, far-famed throughout the country, for his marvellous powers of silence and for making—on the very rare occasions when he does ready—one word to the pursued, and give him a very hot and perilous time of it. Let his horse fall, or otherwise pair company with him, and the innumerable badger-holes makes this by no means impossible—danger—and then he will be very lucky indeed if he lives to hunt or eat buffalo again.

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